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## THE DODGER FAMILY.

Most men, and, if this writer ever uttered assertions which he was unable to prove, he would say, all women, are perfectly contented to make use of the various mechanical contrivances which they find provided for the prosecution of their several employments or amusements, without troubling themselves about the imperfections of those instruments, or endeavouring to improve upon them. Most of us, indeed, need all our time and energy for the task of attaining proficiency in the use of the tools which we possess, and are apt to shrink from a fault-finding which is commonly considered as the sure sign of a bad workman; and if it were not that the Dodgers are a prolific family, whose members have planned and experimentalised in all ages, we should, at this present time, be digging with our nails, travelling on our legs, and fighting with our fists, instead of enjoying the humanising blessings of steam-ploughs, railways, and percussion shells.

Happily, however, the very earliest records of man and his doings make mention of the Dodgers; and, indeed, ethnologists have been obliged to extend their theories, and clap whole ages on to the time that they have conceived the earth to have been inhabited by man, in consequence of the proofs which have lately been brought forward of that family having flourished at a bewilderingly remote period; the flint arrow-heads, which have been facetiously called 'works of art,' found in the Drift shewing that some early sporting Dodger had occupied himself in devising instruments of destruction at a time when elks, elephants, and crocodiles, and not the puny creatures which are to be got now a days, were to be hunted or stalked in the forests of Europe—when two megatheriums, a mastodon, and four or five brace of pterodactyles, was probably a fair day's bag. Unless, indeed, you prefer to consider the relics found in the Drift and the Caves as the manufactures of some extinct or absorbed race of creatures,\*

\* I rather like that absorption theory, knowing an elderly lady who must be a transmuted dodo.

forming a link between the monkey and the man; and this theory is not copyright, but is generously offered to any philosopher in difficulties, to whom the antiquity of man is a bugbear.

Even, however, if we dismiss the evidence of geology, and take Tubal Cain as the primeval Dodger, the claims of the family to ancient lineage will be sufficiently established. Rhymsters are fond of boasting, in Latin, that a poet is born, and not made, an observation which may be applied with equal truth and greater obviousness to a Dodger, who shews his turn for planning, contriving, and improving at an age when no poet ever yet composed a couplet. And though it may be true that a real poet, in the proper sense of the term, cannot be 'made,' a Brummagen article (often preferred, until the plating wears off, to the genuine thing) *can*, while no amount of labour or study would enable a man who was not of the Dodger breed to originate a mechanical contrivance, or to gain credit even for having done so; for, supposing that he stole an invention, every act of his daily life would proclaim the impossibility of its being his. The juvenile Dodger, on the contrary, cannot escape detection: he hardly cares to break a window unless the stone is propelled from some sling of his own devising; a knife is valueless to him if it does not contain a saw, lancet, gun-pick, tweezers, corkscrew, gimlet, and instruments for extracting stones from horses' feet, in addition to its legitimate blades. He manufactures kites of peculiar shape and with wonderful tails; he fashions and rigs his own boats, makes surreptitious fireworks, and has a peculiar method of hardening the palms of his hands against the consequences of detection in the practice of that forbidden art.

Great need has the poor lad of some protection from the instruments of torture wielded by his oppressors, and sad is it to consider that his arts are of no avail in those seminaries of sound learning which are overshadowed by that classic tree of knowledge, the birch; often must the ingenious Eton lad sigh to think of the numerous artifices for the protection of the sterns of modern ships, and wish that the attention of

a scholastic Coles might be turned towards the iron-plating of boys, for the Dodger, alas! is in perpetual hot-water. He is a reformer, and, like all of that kidney, must look to posterity for gratitude and appreciation; his contemporaries are pretty sure to pooh-pooh and persecute him; and the chances are that they will be right in doing so, for ninety-nine per cent. of the Dodger family have the instincts without the ability of the Inventor; like imprisoned birds of passage, they set their faces in the right direction, and flap their wings vigorously when the *orgee* comes upon them, but never make any progress. Their kites refuse to soar, but after attaining a height of some ten feet, come rushing back to the earth head foremost; their boats capsize; and their fireworks either refuse to go off, or else explode with a violence perilous to the lives and limbs of the would-be pyrotechnists and their assistants. Their destiny seems to be a sad one; and yet, save when they venture on such dangerous experiments as the last named, and hurt themselves physically, they are not to be pitied, for the impotent Dodger lives in a little world of his own, where he is supremely happy. Rather let us reserve our compassion for the man who, having made a really ingenious and useful discovery, finds that his fellow-creatures coldly decline to avail themselves of the advantages offered to them.

There is a certain Mr Tyzack, a gentleman who has given to the shaving world one of the greatest boons that could be conferred upon it, and yet, I dare say, not one of my readers ever heard his name before. I myself, who owe him a deep debt of gratitude, am ignorant of his country, and even of the age in which he flourished; all I can certify is, that from the age of fifteen to that of thirty, I never had an easy shave, though I tried razors of every price and temper; that the invariable badness of the last-named quality was contagious, and an exquisite benevolence with which I have been dowered by nature, thence began to deteriorate; that a friend, anxious to preserve a specimen of equanimity to the world, procured me a Perfect Razor, the last that was to be had, bearing the words *Tyzack's Double Patent* upon the blade; and that, ever since that happy day, I have never cut or scarified my chin, and never made use of violent or improper language before breakfast. For the last five or six years, indeed, shaving has been no more trouble to me than washing my hands; but, alas, the reader cannot benefit by my experience. I have made numerous inquiries of a multitude of cutlers and barbers in a host of British towns, and have never found one who had even heard of the instrument. How can I describe it? It is not wedge-shaped, but consists of an excessively thin blade, with a thick back, like that which may be seen sometimes to those short saws which are used by butchers to divide bones. The peculiarity of this formation, is that the edge of the blade cannot grow blunt until it is worn away to the back, and consequently it cannot be sharpened or 'set,' and requires no stropping; only, if a speck of rust attack its edge, or careless contact with any hard substance notch it, it is irretrievably done for; and this, combined with apparent high price, may account for its want of popularity.

Thus, if my treasure is put away damp, or gets into the hands of a person intent upon suicide, it will be spoiled, and I shall have to fall back upon my stock of ordinary wedge-shaped razors. Never,

never! Rather let me go about the world with a fiery furze-bush under my chin. The only drawback to the comfort of this razor consists in the words *Double Patent* engraved upon it. It is always troublesome to have a riddle buzzing in one's head in the early morning, especially if one has had salmon for dinner, or inadvertently drunk a cup of green tea the night before, and I must own that that inscription harasses me sometimes while I am shaving. What can a *double patent* be? Perhaps the non-success of the razor is, after all, attributable to too great anxiety on the part of the inventor to secure the credit and profit of his idea, and a double patent may be something of so stringent a nature as to render the sale illegal even by Mr Tyzack himself.

Then there is that corkscrew in two pieces, one the worm to be fixed into the cork, the other a lever to prize it out with. A friend, living in the north of England, assures me that it was invented many years ago, and never hit the public fancy, or proved remunerative to the parent Dodger; but quite recently, when the patent had probably passed into other hands, it sprang into fashion, and now there is hardly a house in the kingdom, public or private, where corks are drawn without one. Fortune seems to have a spite against ingenuity.

Considering how many of the cleverest members of the family have devoted their lives to the attempt, it is astonishing that none of them have as yet learned to fly; for going up in a balloon, which is wafted hither and thither by every changing breeze, is no more flying than floating on the water, with a couple of bladders to buoy you up, but without any power of resisting the current, is swimming. Alas, alas! if they succeed, this generation will not profit by the discovery, for it will take many years, and a long series of improvements, before the full advantages are brought home to individuals; and we shall have cumbrous machines for carrying large parties through the air, long before the light elegant wings, which will be easily managed by a single person, will be invented. What glorious sport it will be to glide, to whirl, to hover; how healthy and bracing! Fox-hunting will pale before it, yachting will be tedious, walking—but who will ever walk? I wonder whether our winged posterity will speak of our times as 'good' as well as 'old.'

But at present the Dodgers are apparently no nearer flying than they were two hundred years ago; and there is another thing which beats them, and that is sea-sickness. The man who could tell us how to prevent that might get, I should say, at least a million apiece from each of the railways connecting London with Paris. It is in vain to take your stand in the centre of the vessel, vain to fix your eye on a particular point, vain to read, to play at chess, to talk, to remain silent. If you are a bad sailor, you must come to the same complexion at last, and a very unhealthy one it is. The most ingenious device for shirking the complaint hitherto attempted is a small swinging cabin, slung within the larger one, the occupants of which are always on a level, whatever the motion of the vessel. But this, of course, is an expensive and cumbrous contrivance, and the inner room must be very small, to have free swing.

But while we feel gratitude to the humane, admiration for the grand, pity for the impotent,

and sympathy with the unappreciated Dodger, there is a member of the family over whose failures we triumphantly chuckle; this is the black-sheep of the ingenious fraternity, the man who makes a fraudulent use of his inventive faculty; in a word, the Dishonest Dodger. Not but what this unworthy member receives far better treatment than he deserves; inasmuch as the public at large are too apt to regard his cunning devices, *when successful*, with a faint and smiling disapprobation, which almost amounts to encouragement. The cleverness exhibited in the performance of a dishonest trick (at the expense of some one else, mind you), is apt to appeal irresistibly to our sense of humour, and though we shake our moral heads, we grin while we condemn. But this improper leniency only lasts as long as the impunity of the rogue; once let him fail, only let the biter get bitten, and our minds recover their healthy tone. He is no longer 'an impudent dog,' but 'an insolent scoundrel.' What! fool was he as well as knave? Off with him to the pillory! Who has got a rotten egg?

The devices of the D. D. are many and of all shades of blackness, from crib cracking to crib smuggling into senate-house or schools. The reader who has been in for a competitive examination—and who in this age has not?—will probably have known some Dishonest Dodger who carried his dates on his nails, his history on his shirt-cuffs, his geography on the face of his watch; whose editions of the classics were essentially pocket ones, and whose hat or cap contained more algebra than ever his head could hold. If the reader do remember such a one, he will also probably be able to call to mind that he was plucked. Indeed, the Dishonest Dodger is, as a rule, the most unsuccessful of the family, and this is a happy fact, or else how could the world get on? If wooden nutmegs were generally profitable, we should have no negus or custard; if all the acute contrivances for the illegal destruction of fish and game worked smoothly, sportsmen and gourmands would soon fare badly indeed; if all the forged coin and notes were executed with the skill which is displayed in exceptional instances, we should have to fall back upon barter.

Now, there is Peter Loafer, a shoemaker in an Essex village, who hates work and loves beer, and is always endeavouring to obtain the latter without enduring the former, by the exercise of his ingenuity. He had a 'dodge' for using pasteboard instead of leather for the repair of boots, to the great saving of trouble and expense to himself, but somehow the articles thus mended were not so waterproof as the owners considered desirable; so the cobbler of a neighbouring village, who stuck to the adage, 'There's nothing like leather,' carried off a great deal of Peter's custom. Then he manufactured most artistic snares, which the hares, momentarily captured, dishonestly carried away with them; he trained a lurcher to catch him game, and the undiscerning animal deposited a fine rabbit at his master's feet while he was engaged in establishing his innocence to the squire, who, meeting him in the fields, had taxed him with his rumoured proclivities for poaching. But poor Peter's last dodge was as cunning as it was dishonest, which is saying a good deal for its ingenuity. A new branch of a railway was opened in his immediate neighbourhood last summer, and Peter, ever glad of an excuse for unsticking himself from his last, took a holiday on the occasion, and spent the day in

sitting on a gate by the side of the line, watching the trains rush past, and dreamily speculating, after the manner of Dodgers, honest or dishonest, on a dozen different matters connected with the subject which attracted his attention. Amongst others, he thought upon the immense weight of the engine and subsequent carriages which slipped along so easily; what effect they would have upon a man's toe if they ran over it, upon his leg, upon his body; upon a thin piece of metal. He had a fourpenny-bit in his pocket, and could solve this last problem at once. The coin was placed on the nearest rail, and shortly afterwards another train came sweeping past. Peter jumped off his gate; there was the fourpenny-bit on the same spot, but defaced and flattened out to the size of a sixpence. An idea immediately struck Peter; he went straight to the public-house, called for a pot of fourpenny ale, and tendered the battered bit in payment: the landlady gave him twopence change, taking the coin for an old sixpence!

The heart of this Dishonest Dodger bounded in his breast; he thought that he had found a safe way of increasing all his earnings by one-third; and as he lay awake in bed that night, he debated with himself whether he should in future take one pot in three more beer, or one hour in three less work. This he finally left an open question, to be decided according to the fancy of the moment; but one thing he was determined upon, and that was to pass his capital through the railway mint at once. The capital of an idle tipping cobbler? Well, yes. Peter was shrewd enough to put a certain proportion of what he was paid for every job into a wooden money-box, which he had once obtained at the knock-'em-downs of a fair; this was his leather-money; and however thirsty he might be, he never even felt a temptation to infringe upon it, so thoroughly was he persuaded of the fact, that, if he did not keep this little sum sacred to the purpose of replenishing his stock of leather, he was a lost shoe-mender.

But between spending his capital and investing it in a speculation where the profits promised to be so large, and the returns so quick, there was all the difference imaginable. So, on the following morning, he opened his money-box, which he found to contain some two pounds, shut up his stall, and walking off to the neighbouring town, managed, by telling one plausible story at the bank, another at an inn, and a third at the toll-bar, to change nearly the whole of his coin into fourpenny bits.

'Did you ever?' inquired Mrs Jones as he walked through the village that evening.

'What?' screamed Mrs Adams from a neighbouring wash-tub.

'Here's Peter Loafer been to Gorham, and come back sober!'

'No!' cried Mrs Adams, running out all suddy. 'Well, I never!'

They knew not how absorbing is the prosecution of a new scheme, whether for good or evil, to the Dodger mind.

That night, Peter, like one intent upon self-immolation before the Juggernaut of civilisation, sought out a solitary part of the line, and carefully arranged some hundred fourpenny-bits on the nearest rail. Then retiring, he anxiously awaited the train. A distant rumble, a roar, an earthquake, two bright eyes and a fiery beard, a resistless rush—it has passed. Peter ran forward to secure his instantaneously minted sixpences; but where were



they? Knocked on one side, perhaps, or carried on a few yards. He had brought his poacher's dark-lantern with him, and spent the whole night in a fruitless search. The too ingenious Peter had expended his little all upon plating the wheel of a railway engine.

### LINGUISTIC LAZINESS.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER points out, in his admirable *Lectures on the Science of Language*, that one of the chief agents in the development, or, as some would say, the corruption of speech, is muscular relaxation; in other words, laziness; that is to say, combinations of sounds difficult of pronunciation are slurred over or melted down until they are hardly recognisable. The French *même*, a contraction of *memetipsissimus*, is a conspicuous example of this process; and many words of Latin derivation in our own language, having twice undergone the crucible, are mere skeletons of their former selves. Trace the word *stranger*, for instance, to the old French form *estranfier*, and thence to the original *extraneus*, what a metamorphosis has taken place! Or look at *sexton*, and what a shadow of *sacristanus* remains! The French *épée* is but the ghost of *spada*, which first lost the terminal syllable, then, for facility of expression, took an initial vowel, and lastly dropped the sibilant consonant. *Etablier* from *stabilire*, *esprit* from *spiritus*, and *écuyer* ('squire') from *scutarius*, present similar transformations; the French having, as a rule, melted down the medial, while the Italians have omitted the final, consonants.

There is no need, however, to look abroad. What better instance is there than our own *story*, daughter of *histoire*, and grand-daughter of *historia*? or than *alma*, a wholesale contraction of *eleemosyna*? Nor has the Teutonic element in our tongue escaped this 'phonetic decay,' as the process has been named. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers had several guttural sounds, and a number of consonantal combinations which have long been abandoned as unmanageable, though, in some cases, the orthography has been retained. Nobody attempts to pronounce the initial letter in *knave*, *knight*, *gnash*, *gnat*—yet it was not always silent; and Germans, at the present day, experience no difficulty in sounding *kn* in a score words or so, nor *gn* in a smaller number. Muscular relaxation, indeed, assumes different phases among different peoples. We make no objection to *cl* at the end, or *cl* at the beginning of a syllable; yet the Italians shrink from such combinations, softening *lector* into *lettor*, and *clamare* (clamour) into *chamare*. We, in our turn, have a horror of gutturals, in which our Scotch and Irish brethren luxuriate, and hence those glaring orthographic anomalies which have provoked the humorous exclamation, 'O you G H!' and which are the constant theme of spelling reformers. We ignore the guttural in *light*, *night*, and numerous other words where the spelling retains it; not, as was formerly supposed, from a regard to euphony, but because *nite*, as Mr Müller pointedly remarks, requires less expenditure of muscular energy than *nacht* or *nacht*, as pronounced in Scotland and Germany; and hence, as people always buy in the cheapest market, *nite* found more customers than the more expensive terms. As to *rough*, *hiccough*, *plough*, &c., which are such a perplexity to foreigners, the science of language explains—what to many

Englishmen is still a puzzle—how *gh* acquired the sound of *f* or *k*. When persons cannot pronounce a particular sound, they substitute one which most nearly resembles it; and so, just as a child unable to articulate *k*, says *tat*, *tiss*, for cat, kiss, we adopt *laf*, *ruf*, *enuf*. The Romans, for an identical reason, changed *thymos* into *fumus*, for it should be borne in mind that the ancients were as indolent as ourselves in this respect. The Latin *auctor*, in all probability, was always pronounced, as latterly it was spelt, *autor*; while a final *m* was very faintly sounded, and in verse was often elided.

Vulgar pronunciation obviously arises from laziness or defective articulation; hence *suffin* for nothing, for the slightest movement of the lower lip towards the upper teeth converts *th* into *f*. The negroes, whether naturally disinclined or not to manual labour, are unmistakably averse to exertion in speech; and thus *lovely* becomes *lubly*, *think* and *this* become *tink*, *dis*, and the participial *ing* relaxes into *in*, as in *readin'*. But we must not cast reflections on the coloured race, considering that our uneducated classes at home exhibit the same barbarisms: *goin'*, *fast*, *an'*, finding many customers on account of their cheapness, compared with *going*, *first*, and. One would ascribe to the same cause the frequent elision of the aspirate, were it not that it is as often inserted unnecessarily. Yet it is a fact that *h*, unconscious as we are of it, requires great effort, beginning from the abdominal muscles, and ending in those that open the glottis to its widest extent. Mr Max Müller believes there was a time when the Aryan races had no aspirates; and if we took a show of *tonques*, *h* would be outvoted in what, which, when, &c., by an overwhelming majority. It is true that, among educated people, a counter-movement is taking place. Dickens's Uriah Heap helped to laugh *umble* out of fashion; and the aspirate is making itself heard in *herb* and a few other words; but *hour* and *honour* will probably long continue exceptions to the rule. Yet it has evidently been gaining ground for the last two centuries, for our translation of the Bible seems to shew that at that time it was not sounded at all.

We have alluded above to the combination *cl*, which is obviously rather difficult to pronounce, and many people, without knowing it, invariably say *clear*, *those*, for *clear*, *close*. In like manner, *glory* becomes *dory*, and Webster even gives this as the correct mode. For the same reason, *accomplish* became *accomplish*, *ink* becomes *ing*, *nature* slides into *nachur*, and *soldier* into *soljer*. In some cases, a syllable is saved, perhaps being economised into *praps*, and *police* into *pleecs*.

Proper names, from their frequent use, are peculiarly liable to abbreviation, and accordingly Cholmondeley is contracted to Chumley, and Majorbanks to Marchbanks. Ipswich and many other places beginning with a vowel originally had a *g* prefixed. In towns, it is true, the influence of the educated classes generally prevents any extensive deviation from the orthography; but in villages, the natives would often be puzzled to know what you meant if, in addressing them, you adhered to the spelling. Polysyllables are held in abhorrence, and to cite three instances from a single county—Letheringsett is shortened to Lengsett, Tivetshall to Tital, and Poringland to Porlan.

But pronunciation is not always lightened by compression. Paradoxical as it may appear, to

lengthen a word sometimes makes it more glib, a proof of the adage, that the longest way round is the shortest way home. The *r* in messenger is an example of this elongation; but the analogous corruption of *sessenger* for sausage has met with less favour, probably because the word is not so common. The *b* in humble, slumber, chamber, ambrosia, is likewise interjectional; and so is the *d* in thunder, gender, cinder.

It may naturally be asked, how the tendency to smooth down difficulties can be reconciled with the existence of the most awkward consonantal combinations, in which verbs are especially rich? What more barbarous, for example, than *scratch'd*? What greater trial to the organs of speech than *mightst*, *couldst*, *wouldst*, or *shouldst*? Yet even these are eclipsed by the frightful collocation *smoothe'dst*, which De Quincey quotes from a line of poetry, humorously asking whether the teeth of a crocodile would not splinter under such a word. These cases, however, admit of easy explanation. The fact is, that the economical principle has been pushed to such an extreme that it has defeated its purpose. It has paid too dear for its whistle, or rather for its monosyllable. These troublesome forms are the consequence of squeezing two syllables into one. Hence the abbreviation of the preterite of verbs, an innovation against which Swift and Addison vainly protested; the latter affirming that it had very much disfigured the language, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. *Stretched* and *drugged* are flagrant instances of this, and *asked* is so difficult to pronounce, that most persons ignore the *k*, as Thackeray, a keen observer of vulgarisms, gives it in his ballad of *Eliza Davis*:

And Eliza told her master  
(Kinder they than missus' are)  
How in marriage he had as'd her,  
Like a galliant British tar.

In some parts of England, wasps, posts, &c., are pronounced *wasp-es*, *post-es*, an attempt to surmount the difficulty by making an additional syllable, and helm becomes *helem*, while in Dorsetshire, though essentially a masculine dialect, whirl becomes *wurldle*.

A curious consequence of phonetic decay is, that words of widely-different origin have accidentally coalesced. Thus, in French, to 'praise' and to 'let' (a house) are both represented by *louer*, and etymologists of the old school might have devoted much ingenuity to explaining the mutual root of such diverse significations, had it not been known that, in the former sense, it is a contraction of *laudare*, and in the latter of *locare*. The elision of the medial consonant has obliterated the distinction. In like manner, the wind blows, and the flower blows, two separate verbs having by chance coalesced. So with the two meanings of 'cleave'—not dissimilar merely, but contradictory: a man splits a block of wood, and he adheres to his party or his family; and in either case we may say he cleaves. *Liegan*, to repose, and *leogan*, to speak falsely, have both shrunk into 'lie'; and hence Sir Henry Wotton's witty definition of an ambassador, as a man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country. The noun 'see,' again, is a contraction of *sedes* (seat), but the verb *see* is from the Anglo-Saxon *seohan*. Corn, too, as a grain, is Saxon, while, as a callosity on the foot, it is Latin, meaning horny. Sage, the plant, is from *salvage*;

sage, the adjective, comes from *sapius*. Sound, in its commonest application, is from the Latin *sonus*; as a bay, it is Saxon, and seems related to 'swim.' The final *d* is in both cases a corruption, like the *b* in chamber, already noted, just as illiterate people now a days say 'drownd' and 'drownded,' instead of drown, drowned. In some instances, orthography retains a distinction, as *reign*, *rain*; but the latter word is equally entitled to the *g* on the score of derivation—viz., *regen*.

Sometimes words do not actually coalesce, but approach so nearly as to appear related. No one, for instance, at the first blush, would hesitate to refer 'bless' and 'bliss' to a common root; yet the former comes from the Anglo-Saxon *blot*, to sacrifice, and the latter from the Latin *beatus*. 'Sorrow' and 'sorry' are equally unconnected, the substantive coming from *sorh* or *sorge*, care, the latter from *sar*, or sore. 'Tense,' again, has nothing to do with 'intense' or 'tension'; tense being *tempus*, time, and the other words from *tensus*, stretched.

Before concluding, it should be remarked that orthoepic changes are not in all cases attributable to muscular relaxation, some being apparently capricious, and perhaps making the word more difficult. Thus, *wun* requires more exertion than *own*, as the word *one* was originally pronounced—a fact proved not only by the spelling and by the compound 'only' (one-like), but by the rhymes of the old poets. Chaucer, for instance, says:

His brede, his ale, was alway after one;  
A better envyned man was no wher non;

and probably the old pronunciation was not quite obsolete as late as the Restoration, for Butler gives 'once' as a rhyme to 'dragoons,' in the well-known description of the Independents:

A mongrel kind of church dragoons,  
That served for horse and foot at once.

Upon slang abbreviations we have not thought it necessary to comment, for this is a very different thing from phonetic decay, the peculiarity of which is, that it is an unconscious process. 'Mob,' a contraction of *mobile*, quoted by Dryden as a new expression, has gained a footing in the language, and a few other Latinisms may be equally successful; but this element in our tongue is very slight. Literature gives great fixity to speech, and the prominent phenomenon in our day is not phonetic decay, but the gradual absorption of dialects; for, as Hallam remarks, 'in an advancing state of society, and especially with such a vigorous political circulation as we experience in England, language will constantly approximate to uniformity, as provincial expressions are more and more rejected for incorrectness or inelegance.'

#### ARTEMUS WARD.

FROM whence do the American people get their humour? We English are not without that quality, but it is certainly not to us that they owe it; nor to the Scotch; nor to the Irish. There is nothing of the same kind as Yankee fun within the four seas. Is it possible that they have stolen it from the poor African, and have only just determined to make him compensation, by bestowing on him the rights of citizenship? No: Sambo is not without his jokes, but they are of quite a different sort. It is more likely that they took it from some savage Indian tribe—who had no

other property worth 'annexing'—and then destroyed them utterly, the better to conceal their horrible crime. For it is a strange, out-of-the-way, uncivilised species of humour, quite unknown among the rest of the world, and just the article likely to have formed the sole wealth of those wandering and exclusive races, who will not disclose, except under compulsion, their solitary secrets—such as the bark that cures jungle-fever, or the grass that is the antidote to serpents' bites. It has also been suggested that this unique gift has been conferred upon the Yankees direct by Nature herself, in order to make up for certain peculiarities with which she has embarrassed them, and which are displeasing to the rest of the Great Human Family, such as vain-boasting, bunkum, repudiation, smartness, tobacco-chewing, and talking-through-the-nose. But, at all events, there is such a thing as American humour; and as has been said of Shelley, that he is more poetic than other poets, so we may say of it, that it is more humorous than any other humour. The grin is broader, under the mask of which lies, if not the deepest wisdom, most sterling common-sense. To some people, of course, there appears nothing but the Grin. When poor Abraham Lincoln, beset by place-hunters, expressed his satisfaction that he had got small-pox, because it was 'something that he could give to everybody,' all the stupid folks agreed that it was a very undignified remark; but to others (including this present writer) it endeared him for ever. Dignity, forsooth! I should like to know what crowned head upon the continent of Europe could have made a more becoming rebuke to a brawling patriot than this which follows: 'I have always found, Sirree, that those people who are so precious ready to spill the last drop of their blood, are extraordinarily careful about spilling the first drop.' Again, only listen to Mr Artemus Ward upon that Crisis, which was certainly no laughing matter to him or any other Northerner.

Says a passenger in the same railway-car to him: "How fares the Ship of State in yure regine of country?"

Sez I: "We don't hav no ships in our State—the kanawl is our best holt."

'He pawsed a minit and then sed: "Air yu aware, Sir, that the krisis is with us?"

"No," sez I, gettin up and lookin under the seet, "whare is she?"

"It's hear—it's everywhares," he sed.

Sez I: "Why how yu tawk!" and I gut up agin & lookt all round. "I must say, my fren," I continnered, as I resoomed my seet, "that I kan't see nothin of no krisis myself." I felt sumwhat alarmed, & arose & in a stentorian voice observed that if any lady or gentleman in that there kar had a krisis concealed abowt their persons they'd better projuce it to onct or suffer the konsequences. Several individuouls snickered rite out, while a putty little damsell rite behind me in a pinc gown made the observashun, "He, he."

Next, indeed, to the author of the *Biglow Papers*—although, it must be confessed, at a considerable distance—comes, for genuine American humour, Artemus Ward. This writer, like all his great countrymen now a days, was born in a humble position in life. He was for some years a 'type-sticker' at Boston, but finding comic stories and essays were his forte, he steered for the West in search of material for 'lectures.' These proved to be extremely popular, and returned him large

sums, out of which he patriotically contributed no less than five thousand dollars to the Union Cause. At San Francisco, where his receipts amounted to fifteen hundred dollars, he lectured in a 'music-hall'; but he does not seem to have been particular about the description of edifice. 'In Oroville and Nevada City, he lectured in a church. In Auburn, he expatiated in a billiard-saloon. At Jackson, the new theatre not being built, he appeared in the basement of the jail for one night only. The murderers' cells opened into it all the way round, and by throwing open the iron doors, the cells could be turned into private boxes. At San José, they illuminated the city with tar-barrels, which blazed in every thoroughfare on the night of his arrival. At Santa Clara, the building not being large enough, the entire audience adjourned to the open air, while Artemus, supported by Hingston, his agent, holding two wax-candles, "spoke his piece" beneath the canopy of the starry skies.' The 'Rules of the House,' printed in his programme, are of themselves sufficiently striking, and will rather astonish English audiences, if he distributes them in the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, whither he is coming to lecture, it is said, this summer.

'2. Persons who think they will enjoy themselves more by leaving the hall early in the evening, are requested to do so with as little noise as possible.'

'3. Children in arms not admitted if the arms are loaded.'

'4. Children under one year of age not admitted, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians.'

'5. If the audience do not leave the hall when this entertainment is over, they will be put out by the police.'

The mixture of sacred with secular matter, says Mr John Camden Hotten, the English editor of *Artemus Ward*, commenced by the Puritans, is now common in all American thought and expression, but no religious disrespect is intended. Whether this be so or not, however, we shall only quote Mr Ward where he is 'secular.' That this gentleman was not always a lecturer, may be gathered from the following remarks: 'Individuouls, who git hard up, embark in the lecturin bizniss. They cram themselves with hi soundin frazis, frizzle up their hare, git trustid for a soot of black close, & cum out to lectur at 50 dollers a pop. Thay aint over stockt with branes, but thay hav brass enuff to make suffishunt kittles to bile all the sope that will be required by the ensocin sixteen ginerashuns. Peple flock to heer um in krowds. The men go becawz its poplar & the wimin folks go to see what other wimin folks have on.' Before our author penned these lines, he perambulated his native country as an exhibitor of wax-figures, as well as the proprietor of a small zoological establishment, consisting of 'three moral bares, a snaik under perfeck subjecshun, & a kangaroo—the most larfable little cuss ever introjuiced to a discriminatin public;' and it was in the course of his travels in this double capacity that he met with the adventures he describes. These are very various, and comprehend every class of human society; nay, they even include 'the Sperretts.' A atempt was made to git Mrs A. Ward to embark into the Sperret bizniss but the atempt faled. 1 of the long hared fellers told her she was a ethereal creeter & wood make a sweet meijum, whareupon she attack him with a mop handle & drove him out of the house.' But her husband was prevailed upon to attend a 'Sperretoucl Sircle, the members



of which inquired whether there was any disembodied individual whom he should like to converse with.

"I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show bizness, was sober, I should like to converse with him a few periods."

"Is the Speret of William Tompkins present?" sed I of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

"Sez I: "William, how goze it, Old Sweetness?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replide.

"That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh."

"Air you in the show bizness, William?" sed I.

"He sed he was. He sed he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspeare, Jonson, & Co.'s Circus. He sed old Bun (meanin Mr Bunyan) stired up the animils, & ground the organ while he tended door. Occashunally Mr Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeare had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delitin the peple with his trooly grate ax of hoessmanship without saddul or bridal. Thay was rehersin Dixey's Land & expected it would knock the peple."

"Sez I: "William, my luvly frend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me?" He sed no with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever expernused."

"The Sircle sed he had gone. "Air you gone, William?" I axed. "Rayther," he replide, and I knowd it was no use to pursoo the subjeck furder."

The lady who declined to attend this spiritual seance is declared by her husband to be 'a invalerble womun, who in his absunse watchis his interests & things with a Eagle Eye;' but the manner in which she consented to become his partner would have alarmed a less sensible and philosophic swain.

"There was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squench't their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrerd; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin house, and the nabers used to observe: "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the Spring of the year, to see our sevral mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns-pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affecshunitly Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers. . . . "Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was huht and nary zeffer disturbed the screen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her father's pastur. We'd been rompin threw the woods, kullin flours & drivin the woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luvlinly round her waste."

"I cleared my throat, and tremblinly sed: "Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

"I thought that air was putty fine. I waitid to see what effeck it would hav upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed: "You're a sheep!"

"Sez I: "Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word, you say—so there now cum!" with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed I, strikin my bazzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans!"

"She bowd her hed down and commenst chawin the strings to her sun bonnet."

"Ar could you know the sleepis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wast in form and these 'ere sunken cheeks!"

"I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortnitly I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close and severely damagin myself ginerally."

"Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite, she sed: "I won't listen to your noneents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!"

"I considered that air enuff for all practical purposes, and we proceeded immedjetly to the parson's & was made 1 that very nite."

The above may not be sentimental, but it is certainly more amusing than love-passages generally are in print; we have no data whereby to judge whether it may be taken as a type of Yankee courtship, but if so, that must be a much greater joke than it is in this country. Mr Brigham Young, however, who should know more about it than most people, is by no means of this way of thinking, according to our author's account. Mr Artemus Ward pays the Mormons a visit with his show, and has a long interview with that patriarch. While crossing the plains, he fell in with what he calls 'sum noble red men of the forest,' but hastens to add '[N.B. This is rote Sarcasticul. Injins is Pizin whar ever found], which thay sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skulpt my orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech, he sed he shoold meet me in the Happy Huntin\* Grounds. If he dux, thare will be a fite.\* He also meets with several officers of the United States' army, whom he eulogises as 'very talented drinkers,' although for fighting he would prefer to trust to his own wax-figures. At last, he finds himself in the august presence of the Head of the Mormons.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeves?" sez I, preparin to rite him sum free parais.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertainly am marrid."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

"He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly; to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordingly tuk me to his Scareum.

\* It is observable that among all Mr W.'s vulgarities and mis-spellings, he almost never eliminates the H.

The house is powerful big & in a exceedin large room was his wives & children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite off the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Proze rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can Jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marmas," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-headed female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, "I hav eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, gittin up & starin at him.

"Sealed, Sir! sealed."

"Whare bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerdy voice.

"Will they probly continer on in that stile to any grate extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he, turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperret-oal wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may they wave!" sez I, seein I shoold git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

"In a privit conversashun with Brigham, I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, there is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats call him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. They allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um, thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives fite among themselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when too of 'em get into a row he has em turnd loose into that place, whare the dispoit is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hisself individoocally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark cloisit, previly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake & steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sirkootous rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. "I find that the keers of a marrid life-way hevvy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish I'd remaned singel."

In vain did the female Mormons lavish their smiles upon our author; he had not even the gallantry to let them see his wax-figures free, although they informed him that they had 'a Revelashun bidding them go into A. Ward's Show without payin nothin."

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femails, puttin thare arms rownd me in luvn stile. "Becum 1 of us. Becum a Preest & hav wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall, gawnt femaille, ore whoos hed 37 summirs must hev parsd, "stay, & I'll be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you won't," sez I. "Awa you skanderlus femaille, awa! Go & be a Nun-nery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

"& I," sed a fat chunky femaille, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

"Sez I: "Ile bet two dollers and a half you won't!" Whare ear I may Rome Ile still be troo 2 thee, Oh Betsy Jane! [N.B. Betsy Jane is my wife's Sir naime.]

"Wiltst thou not tarry hear in the Promist Land?" sed severol of the miserabil critters.

"Ile see you all essenshally cussed be 4 I wiltist!" roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare infernal noncents. I girdid up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is inhabitid by as theavin & unprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe."

Mr Ward does not find fault with everybody. He had an interview with 'Albert Edard,' and was so pleased with him, that he gave him a free parse to his show, as also one to take home to the Queen—which may be more useful than then seemed likely, now that our author is going to pay us a visit. He also highly approves of Piccolomini and 'little Patti,' although in an opposition line of business. Of the former, indeed, he writes quite rapturously. Although, perhaps, it was not his custom to attire himself in evening costume, he put on a 'clean biled rag' and the ecettery, in order to attend her sorry at the Melodeon. 'I liked her stile; I liked her gate: she suited me. There has bin grater singers and there has bin more bootiful wimin, but no more fassinatin young female ever longed for a new gown or side to place her hed agin a vest pattern than Maria Picklehomony. Fassinatin peple is her best holt. She was born to make hash of men's buzzums & other wimin mad becawz thay ain't Picklehomonies. Her face sparkles with amazun cussedness & about 200 (two hundred) little bit of funny devils air continually dancing champion jigs in her eyes, said eyes bein brite enuff to lite a pipe by. . . . Every time she cum canterin out I grew more and more delighted with her. When she bowed her hed I bowed mine. When she powtid her lips I powtid mine. When she larfed I larfed. When she jerked her hed back and took a larfin survey of the audience, sendin' a broadside of sassy smiles in among 'em, I tried to unjint myself & kollapse. When, in tellin how she drempt she lived in Marble Halls, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she loved her feller still the same, I made a effort to swaller myself.' Mr Ward, in short, becomes so ecstatic, that he warns the editor of the paper in which this communication appears, that 'it is not to be sent to my famerly in Baldinsville under no circumstanes whatsoever.' Nevertheless, this sagacious man is not so carried away by his feelings, but that he desires to know, since Piccolomini can sing 'in the English tung, as well as she kin in Italyum, why under the Son don't she do it? What cents is thare in singin wurdz nobody don't understan, when wurdz we do understan is jest as handy? Why peple will verifferusly applawd furrin langwidze, is a mistery. It reminds me of a man I onct knew. He sed he knockt the



bottom out of his pork Barril, & the pork fell out, but the Brine dident moove a inch. It stade in the Barril. He sed this was a Mistery, but it wasn't misterior than is this thing I'm speekin of.' This sentiment of Mr Artemus Ward's, this present writer begs most cordially to re-echo. His observations are generally wise, and almost always amusing. There are many more tempting pieces in his little volume suitable to be extracted; but our readers must buy the book for themselves, if they want any more of it.

'Adoo. In the langwidge of Lewis Napoleon when receivin kumpany at his pallis on the Bullyyards, I saloot yu.'

## THE LIGHT-HOUSE ON THE SKEVE MHOIL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE trap-door of the store-closet was open, and tilted up on end; and in their eagerness to examine their booty more closely, Black Steve and his companion had leaped into the cavity, which, when only half-filled with stores—as was the case at present—was indeed quite large enough to hold three or four men. They had apparently opened the bale of silk, and having satisfied themselves as to its quality, were now, by the obscure light of the lantern, engaged in driving a large gimlet into the keg of hollands, as the readiest mode of getting at the contents.

As Mam Gurlock looked down upon this scene, there flashed through her brain a sudden thought, which sent the blood coursing to her heart, and turned, for a moment or two, both the place and persons before her into a picture as wild, blotted, and incoherent as the dream of any lunatic. She knelt, with her hands pressed to her brow, for a space of several seconds, till the beating at her heart was somewhat stilled; then, holding up a cautionary finger to Jamie, she stole noiselessly down the staircase into the lower room, and glided forward like an ominous shadow, till her hand rested on the trap-door, and peering with white face round the edge of it, she saw that the two men were still intent on their occupation, and that her presence was unsuspected. One after the other, the two iron hooks that held the door in its upright position were silently removed, and the same instant it fell forward into its place with a terrific crash, and shut in the two men who were below. Mam Gurlock sprang forward as the door fell, and before either Black Steve or his friend could recover from their astonishment, had run home the two large bolts with which the trap, when down, was secured in its place.

Now for the boats! To run nimbly up the staircase into the upper room; to wrap Jamie in the warm pea-jacket she had been mending for his father; to lift him in her arms, and hasten down again, and so past the trap—where the imprisoned men were already making desperate efforts to break out—to the outer door, and then swiftly down the outside ladder; and then skirting the base of the light-house, along the rocks at a rapid pace towards the little cove in which the boats were ordinarily moored, still holding the lad pressed tightly in her arms—was for Mam Gurlock the work of a minute. She knew that she had not a moment to lose; that the old wooden trap, serviceable enough, doubtless, for ordinary purposes, would not long withstand the

desperate strength of Black Steve; and she must get away from the Skeve Mhoil before the two men broke loose, otherwise she had better have remained as she was before. Down she went, swiftly but cautiously, over the slippery juts of rock, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but picking her way with care towards the little basin in the rocks—before her, life and liberty—behind her— But where were the boats?

Once, twice, thrice she looked around; but the boats were nowhere to be seen. The warm flush of hope that had begun to kindle round her heart was rudely quenched; her very life itself seemed frozen out of her as she looked around for the third time, and saw herself cut off from all means of escape, and for one brief instant she felt as though she were, in spirit, a second person looking down upon the bitter strait of a poor woman called Mam Gurlock, and seeing how hopeless her case was, could afford to pity her. 'Heaven help me, or I shall go mad!' murmured Mam to herself.

In agonised despair she stood for a minute or two, utterly puzzled and confounded by her inability to account for the disappearance of the boats. That Abel Rushton was nowhere to be seen, caused her no surprise, believing as she did that he had been murdered, and thrown into the sea. Still, the boats could not have been taken away except by human hands, and gone they certainly were. She set Jamie down for an instant, and then turned and hurried up the rocks, and standing on the highest ledge, strained her eyes out over the dark waste of waters; after a little while, right in a silver track of moonlight, and not more than a quarter of a mile from the Skeve Mhoil, she plainly saw two boats, evidently lashed to each other, in the larger of which a man was seated. Looking more intently, and, as it were, with all her soul, she clearly distinguished that the smaller boat was her husband's own little *Seamew*, and the larger one that belonging to the light-house, while the man seated so quietly in the latter could be none other than Abel Rushton, whose sprained shoulder would prevent him from using the oars. He had not been killed, then, as Mam had surmised, though how he had contrived to escape out of the clutches of Black Steve and his friend, was more than she could comprehend; but that he had now got clear away was evident, his purpose in taking both boats doubtless being, in the first place, to prevent pursuit, and, in the second, by cutting off their means of escape from the rock, to render the capture of the two men a matter of certainty. In doing this, Abel had thought of nothing except to get ashore as quickly as possible, and gather a number of trusty friends to Mam's rescue. But Abel's accident precluded him from rowing; and although the tide had turned now, and was coming in rapidly, the boats had got into a current which ran direct for the lee of the Giant's Nose, a headland some four miles away; and even supposing he should succeed in landing there—always a matter of some difficulty—three or four hours must necessarily elapse before any help could be looked for from him; and in that time, what might not happen?

Mam had no means of signaling Abel, even supposing that his fears would have allowed him to come back, which she very much doubted; his timorous, self-loving disposition not being altogether unknown to her. No—she was as utterly isolated, and cut off from all human aid, as if Abel

and the boats were a thousand miles away: her last chance of life was gone. She turned, and hurried back to the spot where she had left Jamie. If the men had not yet succeeded in breaking out of the trap, she would hide him in the berth again, where happily he might remain undiscovered till help should arrive. But when she reached the light-house, with Jamie in her arms, and had set foot on the lowest rung of the ladder, she heard the crash of breaking wood in the room above, and the loud voices of the two men as they burst out of their confinement, and knew that she was too late. All her mother's soul went forth in a brief agonised cry to Heaven that her child might be saved; and then, hardly knowing whither she was going, she ran back to the landing-place, in the desperate hope that help might already be coming from the shore. Moon and stars were shining brightly, and her practised eyes swept the space of water between the light-house and the land, but no trace of life was anywhere to be seen. She crouched down on the rocks, and pressed her boy passionately to her heart. Another minute or two now would decide their fate. The two escaped ruffians, after hunting for her within the light-house, would come down and search the rocks, and find her—find both of them. She looked with longing eyes at the great dark waves as they came rolling in, and burst in an angry shiver of spray against the rocks. Would it not be well to court an easy death in their cool liquid depths, and so save herself and her child from that far more terrible fate which now loomed so imminently before them? But all the instincts of her nature rose up in revolt at the idea of self-destruction, and she dismissed the thought almost as soon as it was conceived. No! she would fight for her life while the faintest hope remained, and when that was gone, would strive to die bravely, as the wife of Miles Gurlock ought to die.

'I wish dad would come and take us home,' sighed Jamie, whose fears were beginning to be lost in his desire for sleep. 'Last time I was here, I crept into the Kelpie's Hole, and when dad couldn't see me, he thought I had tumbled into the sea, and rarely frightened he was.'

The Kelpie's Hole! How foolish of her not to have thought of it before! Here was a hiding-place almost impossible for strangers to discover, unless they were bent specially on finding it; the very refuge for which she had been praying, recalled to her recollection by the thoughtless prattle of her child. She bent her head humbly for a moment, and a solemn feeling of gratitude pervaded her whole being. But she had no time to lose. 'Thou must hide in the Kelpie's Hole again to-night, Jamie, my man,' she said; 'and thou mustn't speak, nor let anybody know thou's there, nor shew so much as thy nose out of it, till the two bad men have gone away, and Abel Rushton or thy dad comes back to the Skeve. Dost thou understand?'

She had been stripping off her warm wooley petticoat as she spoke thus, in which she now proceeded to wrap Jamie, putting Miles's heavy pea-jacket over all; and then snatching him up in her arms, she ran, as fast as her strength would allow her, to the little jutting ledge of rock under which was the entrance to the Kelpie's Hole, an entrance only just large enough for Jamie, encumbered as he was, to wriggle through, but expanding inside into a tiny cavern, with sufficient space for a lad of his age to sit or lie without being cramped.

Mam would have liked much to say a few farewell words to the child whom she hardly expected to see again on earth, but there was no time for her to do so. She heard the voices of the two men as they were descending the ladder to come in search of her, and she had barely time to imprint a last lingering kiss on the lad's lips, and to see him creep quietly into his hiding-place, when a yell of triumph from Black Steve proclaimed that she was seen.

She ran with weak uncertain footsteps from the dangerous neighbourhood of the Hole, and then, pretending that her foot had slipped, and that she could go no further, she sank down on her knees on the rock, and waited with clasped hands and bowed head for what might happen next.

With many loud oaths and oburgations, Black Steve hurried after his victim as fast as his bulk would permit him, Mr Cris bringing up the rear in a more leisurely fashion. 'You Jezebel!' exclaimed Black Steve, while still some distance away, 'I'll put an end to your vagaries at once and for ever;' and another moment would indeed have ended all Mam's troubles, had not Mr Cris hastened up, and striking his friend's arm on one side, sent the bullet intended for her to flatten itself harmlessly against a tall pinnacle of rock that rose out of the sea some hundred yards away. 'Don't you be in quite such a hurry, my friend,' said Mr Cris; 'there will be plenty of time for that sort of thing afterwards, if you wish to amuse yourself in such an objectionable way. I want to have a little conversation with this young person.' Black Steve growled out something below his breath, but ventured on no further opposition.

'In the Fiend's name, how did you contrive to get loose?' said Mr Cris to Mam, as he put his hands on her shoulders, and turned her face towards the moon.

'That is for thee to find out, and not for me to tell,' replied Mam.

'Perhaps so; but if'—What more Mr Cris intended to say was never known, for at that moment, Black Steve, with a loud cry, came running back from the landing-place. 'The boats, the boats—they are both gone!' he exclaimed.

'Stir from this spot, and I'll shoot you through the head!' said Mr Cris to Mam, as he hurried away to verify with his own eyes the startling assertion of his friend; but, as we know already, the boats were really gone, and Abel Rushton with them; the only token left of the latter being the rope that had bound him, which one of the men found on the rocks.

'This all comes of your clumsy style of tying the fellow up,' said Mr Cris savagely to his friend. 'If I had secured him myself, we should have found him where we left him.'

'How about your own handiwork, then?' retorted Steve, pointing to Mam. 'She didn't get away, did she? O no!'

'There's some devilry about the whole business that I can't make out,' said Mr Cris. 'I could have sworn that it was impossible for that woman to stir; and yet in less than five minutes after I leave her she is free. I can't understand it at all. But, however, we have no time to bother our heads with that just now: the question is, how are we to get away from this cursed den?'

Black Steve scratched his head disconsolately, but the operation did not seem to brighten his ideas.

'Wasn't that a boat I saw lying on the other side of the rock?' said Mr Cris, after cogitating in silence for a minute or two.

'Oh, that's one of the old light-house boats that got a hole knocked in her bottom last winter, and is laid up there to dry into matchwood, I suppose. She's no go, she isn't; she would go down with us before we had got a quarter of a mile away,' said Steve.

'You just mind this she-cat, while I go and have a look at the boat,' answered Mr Cris.

In the course of a minute or two he came hurrying back. 'All right, my hearty!' he exclaimed. 'There's nothing the matter with the old tub that I can't set to rights in a couple of hours at the furthest—at least, sufficiently to make her answer our purpose. There's wood, and tools, and a kettle of pitch in the light-house. We'll cheat those long-shore fellows yet, Steve, my boy; and live for years to come to tell of our adventures on the Skeve Mhoil.'

Black Steve fired off a double-shotted volley of oaths in his satisfaction at hearing this news.

'But first of all,' added Mr Cris, 'how are you going to dispose of this feminine piece of goods?'

'Oh, shoot her, or drown her, which you like,' replied the brutal giant; 'so long as you finish her off, it don't matter.'

'Nay, my friend, it is no business of mine whatever; it is for you to decide, and for you to execute. It seems to me, however, that the modes you suggest are both vulgar and commonplace: and if you would allow me a suggestion, I would say, why not bind her securely to this wooden stoup, and leave her there? She would hardly get away a second time, I think; besides, there is no place for her to run to.'

'Leave her there for the tide to come up and drown her, I suppose you mean?' said Steve with a slight shudder, which even his hardened nature could not repress.

'Nay, my impulsive Stephen; you have no right to assume that I meant anything of the kind. All that I said was, fasten her to that stoup. If the tide persists in coming up, as you say, why, that is no business of ours; it must do as it likes, of course, but we can't be held responsible for its actions. The tide may be going out, for anything we know or care.'

Black Steve, whose nerves had quite recovered from their momentary tremor, grinned approval of the scheme. He picked up the rope that had been used to bind Abel Rushton, and grasping Mam roughly by the shoulder, bade her get up, for she was still kneeling with bent head and clasped hands. She sprang to her feet, as though a serpent had bitten her, the moment Steve touched her shoulder. 'Are you men or monsters,' she exclaimed, turning suddenly, and facing her two tormentors, 'that you talk of torturing a poor helpless woman thus? Have you no mothers or sisters of your own, to think of whom would shame you out of so terrible a crime? If I must die, let me die quickly: you have the means at hand. What have I done to either of you, that you should condemn me to a death so horrible?'

'Look here, Janet Gawne!' exclaimed Black Steve fiercely. 'Seven years ago, I swore to be revenged on thee, and this night I'll keep my word. I've a long memory, and I never forgive injury; so don't ask for mercy here, lass, because neither of us knows the meaning of the word.'

I've longed, times out of mind, to be revenged on thee and thy smooth-tongued husband; now that the chance has come, I'm not going to let it slip through my fingers.' And Black Steve laughed a great brutal laugh of triumph, that seemed to be echoed by a hundred mocking fiends.

Mam Gurlock uttered no further word of any kind, but passively suffered herself to be led to the 'stoup,' Mr Cris in so far assisting his friend; after which, Black Steve proceeded to tie her to the post as securely as his skill knew how; then, after a few more mocking words, they left her to her fate, and crossed to the other side of the rocks, and at once set about their task of patching up the old boat, on which their safety now entirely depended. The stoup to which they had fastened their victim was merely a stout wooden post, fastened down to the rock with iron clamps and screws, to which the larger class of craft that sometimes visited the Skeve Mhoil in calm weather might be safely moored whatever the state of the tide.

Yes, Mam Gurlock was left to her fate, and a very dreadful one it seemed, even to her brave soul, which was not daunted by trifles. The tide was rising fast; already its tiny lapping waves were washing about her feet and ankles: in less than an hour, it would cover her head. The wind had died away again with the turn of the tide, and the bank of cloud that had lain low in the north for so long a time, was now creeping up the sky with dark intent, shutting out the stars one after another, and would soon obscure the moon itself. Mam Gurlock's eyes unconsciously followed the unfolding edge of cloud in its slow steady advance. The cloud was advancing, and the tide was rising; and by the time that black canopy had shut out the whole bright moonlit sky, the waters would have closed over her, and she would be reckoned no more among the living. Well, now that Miles was dead, there did not seem much in life to desire. Jamie was safe, and would be well cared for and properly brought up by Miles's relations at Birchallen; still, it would have been sweet to see the lad grow up, and to watch the ripening promise of his childhood fulfil itself in summers yet unborn; but not for her might such happiness be. Then sky and ocean vanished from before her eyes, and she saw the little cottage where she and Miles had spent their happy wedded life—the little happy home which she, alas! would never enter more—with its thatched eaves, where the twittering swallows brooded; and its patch of flower-garden, sweet-scented through all the summer months—she seemed to smell it now; with the stretch of high-road in front of it that led down into Warrendale; and the footway across the moors, that brought you direct to the cliffs, with the sea beating far below: very vividly she saw them all!

How fast the tide was rising! It reached to her waist already. But a very little while now, and her life, with all its pleasures and pains, would be closed, like a book that is shut up for ever. She had read, and she had heard the minister speak of the dark river that must be passed before the shining land beyond it could be reached; was she hoping too much, she asked herself, to hope that Miles, that the husband she had loved so truly on earth, might be there to greet her, all beautiful with the light of immortality, at the moment her foot touched the golden shore?



How much such a hope mitigated the darkness of that terrible hour, she herself could best have told.

What was that? She could not keep down the smothered shriek that burst from her lips. She thought herself alone with Death, and suddenly she felt the touch of something on her shoulder.

Who or what could it be? She was so fast bound, that she could not turn her head to look; but next moment Jamie's voice sounded in her ears, and it seemed to her the sweetest music she had ever heard.

'O Jamie, why didn't thou stay in thy hiding-place?' said Mam. 'Hie thee back, dear, as fast as thou canst go, and don't stir out again till daylight.'

'I'm frightened, Mam, to be there by myself in the dark. If the Kelpie came home and found me, what would he say? Have the bad men tied thee to the stoup, Mam? Shall I run up into the light-house, and try to find a knife again?'

'Nay, lad; the bad men would see thee, and then they would kill thee. But, O Jamie, if thou couldst but undo that knot in the rope just under my arm!'

Jamie set to work with fingers and teeth to unfasten the knot indicated by his mother, which he was able to reach without difficulty, the back of the stoup resting against a shelf of rock some three feet in height, on which the lad was now standing.

The desire of life came back strongly to Mam Gurlock with the presence of her child, and the faint hope of escape which his words suggested. What she should do next, even if she succeeded in freeing herself from the rope, she did not then pause to consider, for the water was creeping higher every minute, and there was no time to be lost. But the knot was a hard one to unpick, and seemed at one time as though it would withstand all Jamie's efforts; but after a while it began to feel looser to his fingers, and he had just said: 'I shall soon have it done now, Mam,' when the mother's watchful ears heard footsteps advancing over the rocks.

'Into the water, Jamie!' whispered Mam, turning sick with terror; 'and don't speak or stir till I tell thee.'

Jamie slipped into the water like a young otter, and crouched under the lee of the rocky ledge on which he had been standing, with nothing but his nose and chin exposed to view; while Black Steve came striding down, to see that his victim was still secure. Having felt at the rope, and satisfied himself that Mam could not possibly escape: 'By the seven holy pokers, but this is the finest bit of sport I've had for many a day! How does the water feel this evening, Mistress Gurlock? Cool and pleasant, eh?' said the ruffian, with a laugh which told at once that he was half-drunk. 'Yes, you're a plucky one; but you'll look rather washed out, I reckon, at low-water to-morrow. Well, good-bye, dear—good-bye, and pleasant dreams to you!' and with another brutal laugh, Black Steve turned on his heel, and strolled back slowly over the rocks.

Mam Gurlock breathed once more. 'Now, Jamie, lad, try thy hand at the rope again,' she said in a low voice; and Jamie scrambled on to the rock, and shook the water carelessly from him somewhat after the fashion of a dog, and set to work again, with nimble fingers and sharp teeth, to

free his darling mother. At length the task was accomplished, and for the second time that night Mam Gurlock's bonds fell from her, thanks to the aid of Jamie. Although at liberty, she was as far from safety as ever, unless she could get back unseen into the light-house; but how was that to be accomplished? The two men were hard at work patching up the old boat just on the other side of the building, within half-a-dozen yards, in fact, of the outside ladder, up which she must climb undetected, or her life would not be worth a minute's purchase. Then there was Jamie to be considered, who objected strongly to going back to the Kelpie's Hole, and in his present frame of mind Mam felt that it would be dangerous to leave him. However great the risk might be, he must keep her company this time; she could not bear to seek the security of the light-house for herself, and leave him out there exposed to so many chances of detection. They must be saved together, or they must die together.

Having wrung some of the water out of her dress, Mam, followed by Jamie, proceeded to creep cautiously on her hands and knees round the lower edge of the Skeve Mhoil, till she came to a point that was in a direct line with the entrance-ladder, and in full view of both the men, had they turned their heads to look. Peering from behind a loose fragment of rock, Mam saw the two men very intent on the speedy completion of their task, Mr Cris hammering away with might and main, while his amiable friend held a huge lantern to light him over his work. Mam felt that she could hardly have a more favourable opportunity, since the noise of the hammering would serve to drown any that might be caused by the movements of herself or Jamie; but, at the best, it was a dangerous proceeding. Fortunately, the moon was now entirely obscured, otherwise, their chances of escape would have been remote indeed. She had chosen this point as the most favourable for her purpose, the ground between the place where she now was and the entrance to the light-house being thickly strewn with huge boulders, which would serve to hide their advance; while in every other direction it was quite bare and exposed, except immediately at the back of the light-house, from which the safest approach might have been made; but there the rocks rose too precipitously, with sharp, serrated edges, and deep holes between, to be ventured over by any one after dark.

Inch by inch, silently and cautiously, Mam Gurlock, with Jamie by her side, but on the side furthest removed from the view of the men, emerged from the shelter of the rock, and crawled across the open space of ground to the next large stone; then, after a minute's rest, forward again to the next sheltering spot; and so from one to the other, ever nearer the desired haven. While they were still some distance from the light-house, and at the moment they were half-way between two boulders, Mam, with her eye ever on the two men, saw Black Steve put down his lantern, and turn his face directly toward the spot where they then were. Mam's hand gave Jamie a warning squeeze, and mother and son remained as immovable as though they had been cut out of stone till the danger was over. The black-haired giant yawned, scratched his head, stretched out his huge arms, and after gazing seaward for a few moments, resumed his task of lighting his companion. If his eyes rested for a moment on the recumbent figure

of Mam Gurlock, it was only as they might have rested on any wave-worn boulder, indifferently, and without thought.

This danger over, Mam and Jamie crept stealthily on their way, reaching at last the foot of the light-house without discovery; then Mam, taking Jamie on her back, began the ascent of the ladder. Step by step upward, as silently as a shadow, she had reached the top in safety, and had just swung Jamie round from her shoulder, and passed him in through the little entrance-door, when Mr Cris, pausing from his work for a moment, turned to contemplate the state of the weather; and as he did so, his quick eye caught the outline of something dark moving on the ladder. 'Look to your prisoner, Steve!' he cried, and drawing a pistol from his belt, fired. The bullet whizzed past Mam Gurlock's head, but did not touch her, and before there was time to fire a second shot, she was safe within the light-house, with the little iron door shut and bolted between herself and her enemies. She caught Jamie to her heart, and murmured a brief thanksgiving to Heaven; and then her overwrought nerves gave way, and she fell into a sort of half-swoon, from which she was aroused, after a minute or two, by a violent hammering at the iron door. It was Black Steve, furious at her escape, trying to force an entrance. She had little fear that he would effect his purpose, for she knew the stout old door would not yield readily. Still, there was a possibility that the door might give way under the assaults of the furious giant; so Mam, followed by Jamie, ascended to the room above, and taking down an old blunderbuss which hung against the wall, more for ornament than use, she proceeded to load it, to the best of her knowledge, from the bag of bullets and the powder-flask in her husband's chest, which Miles always kept there ready for an occasional fowling expedition. Thus armed, Mam Gurlock, taking Jamie by the hand, went up to the lamp-room, determined, should Black Steve break in, and such dreadful occasion arrive, to sell her life as dearly as possible. She stole out into the gallery, and looked down. He was still hammering savagely at the door, but as yet to little purpose, while Mr Cris, on the rocks below, was swearing at him for a senseless fool, and vowing that they would not have time to finish the boat and get clear away, if he delayed a minute longer; but Steve was too intent on the accomplishment of his revenge to heed the entreaties of his friend.

Mam crept round to the opposite side of the gallery, and straining her eyes, without hope or expectation, over the dark waste of waters, saw—what? A large boat pulling rapidly and steadily for the Skeve Mhoil! It was only a few hundred yards away, and could be clearly seen, thanks to a momentary break in the clouds, through which the moonlight streamed full and bright. One long incredulous gaze, as though what she saw were merely the phantom of a diseased brain, and then Mam Gurlock, with a sob of heartfelt gratitude, accepted the appearance as a blessed reality. As a signal that the boat was seen, she then began to toll the large deep-mouthed bell, which was rung by the keepers in foggy weather when the lamps were invisible, and its solemn tones now boomed forth through the quiet night, instinct with dread significance to the two wretches on the rocks below.

But wary Mr Cris had also seen what was coming, and had passed the alarm to Black Steve; and as the bell gave forth its first stroke, the two men

were pushing their boat down the slanting rocks into the sea. Another moment, and they were both pulling with desperate energy for the shore. But the boat had been badly mended, and the water began to come in rapidly, so that Mr Cris had soon to cease from rowing, and occupy himself in baling; while Black Steve, notwithstanding all his exertions, could make but little headway with the water-logged craft. Five minutes later, the strange boat rounded the edge of the Skeve Mhoil, on its way to the landing-place, and next moment a loud shout from its crew announced that the flight of the two men was discovered, and the boat's head was at once put round in pursuit.

Black Steve and his companion seemed for a minute or two to redouble their efforts to escape, and then, as if seeing the utter hopelessness of their case, they at once ceased rowing, and sat quietly on their oars, as though merely waiting for their pursuers to come up to yield themselves into their hands. But when the pursuing boat had got within a dozen yards of the other, Mr Cris leaped suddenly from his seat, and fired both his pistols at the advancing foe; and then, with a wild inarticulate cry of rage and despair, he leaped headlong into the waves, and sank to rise no more. Black Steve, unlike his friend, was an excellent swimmer, and before the confusion incident on the firing of the two pistols among the crew of the boat was over, he had slipped quietly into the water, and coming up after a lengthened dive, struck out boldly for the shore. The impression among the crew of the boat was that both the men were drowned; and on finding that the light-house boat was on the point of going down, orders were at once given to pull back to the Skeve Mhoil. The boat and crew proved to be those of a revenue-cutter, which had picked up Abel Rushton as he was drifting helplessly past the Giant's Nose. On hearing his story, preparations had at once been made to capture the two villains, and look after the safety of Mam Gurlock and her son.

Leaving two of his crew to look after the light-house, the officer in charge of the boat carried Mam Gurlock and Jamie ashore, where a search was at once instituted for missing Miles. After several hours' search, he was found, bound hand and foot, in one of the many caves for which that part of the coast is noted. He stated that he had been set upon by Black Steve and three more men as he was returning from seeing Martin Gilbert safe home; in the scrimmage, he had received a blow on the head which had rendered him insensible for some time; and on recovering his wits, had found himself tied hand and foot, and left in charge of two out of his four captors. On the landing of the revenue cutter's boat, these men had taken the alarm, and left him.

A few days saw Miles thoroughly recovered from his injuries; but the long and severe strain on the nerves of his wife was a much more serious matter, and several months passed away before Mam Gurlock was her old joyous buoyant self again, and could bear to talk calmly over the incidents of that terrible night on the Skeve Mhoil.

The body of Black Steve was washed up a day or two afterwards, several miles down the coast. He had been caught by the current, and carried away and drowned.

The money, in the effort to obtain which Mr Cris and his friend lost their lives, was found intact on the table of the light-house, where they

had left it while occupied with the mending of the boat; and when old Martin Gilbert died, some three years afterwards, the whole amount was left as a legacy to Mam Gurlock.

Many years have elapsed since these events took place; Miles Gurlock, a gray-headed man, is now head-keeper of the light-house on the Skeve Mhoil; while Mam is still alive and hearty, and as nice an old woman as you need wish to see. Jamie is grown up into a stalwart man, almost as big as his father was in his younger days; he is a sailor, too, although not in the Greenland trade, being, in fact, the much-esteemed captain of one of our largest ocean-steamers; it was from his own lips I heard the narrative which I have here attempted to set down, the last time I came across with him from—ah, well, never mind from where.

### THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THERE are a hundred ways in which you may indulge your speculative desires. You may buy up all the linseed in the market, invest your money in hops or lead-mines, go on the turf, back your favourite in the pugilistic ring, buy bales of cotton or chests of tea, sacks of corn, old port, Chinese turnpike shares, Confederate bonds, or three per cents. You may in turns become a bull, a bear, a stag, and a lame duck. You may put all your eggs in one basket, and go in for a 'pot' or a 'raker' on some particular class of stocks or shares, or you may distribute your available capital over all the investments set forth in the official lists. But if you want a little reasonable and interesting excitement, there is nothing like dealing with the Stock Exchange. This is the place where speculators most do congregate, and is for public securities and public credit, what Leadenhall Market is for game, Covent Garden for vegetables, Newgate for meat, Billingsgate for fish, Tattersall's for betting, and Mark Lane for corn.

The Stock Exchange of London, as it now stands, dates only from 1854. Attached to the building are reading-rooms, refreshment-rooms, fireproof-rooms, committee-rooms, as well as several telegraphic offices, whence messages can be despatched to all parts of the world. At each entrance is a porter, whose duty it is to see that no one but members and their clerks enter the 'House,' as the Stock Exchange is called. It is not often that strangers go into the house, or, at all events, it is very seldom they are discovered. Should you be so unlucky as to stray into the forbidden place, your reception will, if discovered, be anything but agreeable; in fact, the manner in which the House treats strangers is a little too brusque and severe.

The Stock Exchange at present consists of about twelve or thirteen hundred members, presided over by a committee of about thirty, appointed annually. The business of the committee is to admit members and their clerks, fix settling-days, investigate claims, and perform other duties in connection with the business of the House. The members, like the committee, are elected every year. A foreigner cannot be admitted unless he has constantly resided in this country during five years preceding his application; nor can any one become a member who is under twenty-one, a bill or discount broker, or engaged in any business not connected with the Stock Exchange, or a member of any institution in which

dealings are carried on in stocks and shares, or if his wife be engaged in business (as by the custom of the city of London a married woman may be), or in certain cases where he has been bankrupt. As a rule, every new applicant for admission must be recommended by three members, each of whom must give a bond for £300, to be paid to the creditors of the applicant, in case he should be a defaulter within two years after his admission. The entrance-fee on admission is twenty guineas, and the yearly subscription ten guineas. It should be mentioned that certain clerks of members are also admitted into the House, for the more convenient despatch of business. Whenever any dispute arises between members, it is referred to arbitration of other members; and if arbitrators cannot be found, or are unable to come to any satisfactory decision, the committee will then interfere.

The members of the House are kept in good order, and every endeavour is made by the committee to enforce the rules (of which there are between 140 and 150), and prevent dishonourable practices. A charge against a broker or dealer is instantly investigated, and misconduct is generally punished with expulsion from the House. Defaulters and others have their names and offences placed conspicuously upon a black-board, a punishment that was originated about seventy years since, when scores of 'lame ducks' waddled out of the House. Whenever a member has become a defaulter, one of the committee announces the fact by rapping against a pillar, when a deathlike silence pervades the House, awful to witness, and the defaulter's name is then announced to the listening members. The members of the House are of two kinds—the *jobber*, or dealer, as he is now politely called, who sells to or buys of the *broker*, who is the agent of the public. From the official list of the market-prices of the English and foreign securities dealt in on the Stock Exchange, and copies of which may be seen every day in the morning newspapers, two quotations are given for each kind of security. For instance, consols may be marked 90½—90½. This means, that the market-price at which the jobber sells is 90½, and the price he gives to the broker is 90½. The broker, as we have already observed, acts for the public, charging a commission for transacting the business. The broker's commission on the sale or purchase of stock in the English or foreign funds is one-eighth or 2s. 6d. per cent.; on Exchequer bills, 1s. per cent.; on railway stock, when over £50 per cent. in value, ½ per cent. upon the value. If you buy stock and sell out again within the same account, only one commission is usually charged. It should be mentioned that the official hours of business are from 11 to 3, except on Saturdays, when business closes at one. The committee does not recognise bargains made out of business-hours, although many are made. We have mentioned that the official list gives the prices at which the securities are bought and sold by the dealers. They are, however, in no way bound by the list, but may make whatever prices they think proper, and often the list is incorrect, and not to be depended upon.

All bargains on the Stock Exchange are either for money or the account. In the former case, the purchase-money is paid by the buyer to the seller at the time of the transaction; while in the latter, the completion of the transaction is postponed till the next account-day; the majority of



bargains are for the account. In ordinary stocks and shares, there are two account-days in every month, the days being fixed by the committee of the House, usually at the middle and end of the month. With government securities, the account-day is monthly, and generally about the 10th or 12th of the month. At the end of every account, whether in stocks, or shares, or government securities, all open bargains are closed, and the securities bought or sold are taken up, delivered, carried over, or continued to the next account in the manner presently mentioned. The two days immediately preceding each account-day are occupied in preparing for the same. The first of these days is called making-up or carrying-over day, when the dealers and brokers arrange what securities are to be taken up and delivered, and what are to be carried over or continued to the next account. The second is the name or ticket day, when all open bargains are closed, and all securities must be either bought or sold, unless a name is put on a slip of paper or ticket, and passed. If the person who ought to deliver or take up the securities fails to do so, they may be bought in or sold out at the defaulter's expense. On the third day, the accounts are settled. A further period of about ten days is allowed wherein to make the transfers of stocks and shares sold.

As a rule, payments made by brokers and jobbers are by cheque; but when, as in ticklish times, a member's solvency is doubted, notes and cash may be demanded, on giving due notice to that effect, as provided by the rules of the House, or the bargain may be made for notes; and, except in certain cases, all cheques must be crossed. In dealing in shares and stocks, you may buy either for investment or speculation. If you invest, you must, of course, have the money to pay for the securities bought; while, if you merely speculate, you need not be worth a sou. For instance, if you buy ten thousand pound consols for investment, and 'take them up,' you must have at least ten thousand pounds; but, even if you are a pauper, you may, if you have sufficient credit with your broker, buy the same amount of consols for the account, with the hope of the stock rising in the meantime, and being able to sell out at a profit before the account-day arrives; and many a man in the House has sold ten thousand pound-worth of stock for the account, when he had not a farthing's worth in his possession. The speculators on the Stock Exchange are variously named. Any one who buys stocks or shares for the account, without any intention to take them up or hold them, but with a view to selling them out again at a higher price, is called a *bull*.

Suppose I obtain information from that reliable source, 'a party in the city,' that a private bank is about to amalgamate with the Universal Joint-stock Bank upon terms very beneficial to the latter, I buy, say fifty Universals, at forty pounds per share. If the rumour turns out to be correct, the Universals will be sure to rise in price. Suppose they go up to fifty pounds per share, I sell out my fifty shares at the latter price, and thus realise by the transaction a profit of five hundred pounds, less brokerage fees, and all this without having paid over a single penny. A *bear* is the reverse of a *bull*, for he sells for the account stocks or shares which he has not when the time of the sale takes place, with a view to buy them back again at a smaller price before the account-day. For instance, sup-

pose I hear a certain company has had a heavy loss, and that, when the fact becomes generally known, the value of its shares will drop, I 'bear' or sell fifty of the company's shares at sixty, although at the time I have not a single share in my possession. If the shares go down in price, as I anticipated they would do, say three pounds per share, I buy in fifty shares at fifty-seven pounds per share, and on the account I shall receive from my broker a cheque for one hundred and fifty pounds (less his fees) for my profit on the transaction. If a bull or bear loses by his transactions, and cannot pay his losses or his 'differences,' as it is called, between the buying and selling prices of the securities dealt in, he is called a 'defaulter' or a 'lame duck,' and it speaks well for the House that but few members are converted into those waddling bipeds. On making-up day, if a bull has not had time to realise a profit on his speculation, or is unable, or it is inconvenient for him to pay for, and take up the stocks or shares, he may generally obtain from the dealer from whom he has purchased, a postponement of the settlement until the next account-day. This is called paying the 'contango;' and the jobber's charge for this varies according to the state of the money-market, it sometimes being nominal, and at other times as high as twenty or thirty per cent. As we have already seen, the seller of shares or stocks is bound to deliver a transfer thereof within a certain time. Now, it may happen the seller was a bear, and that, in consequence of a scarcity in the market of that particular class of shares, he has not been able to obtain them in time for the account-day. In that case, the seller applies to the purchaser to allow him the privilege of not being compelled to deliver the shares until the following account-day, for which he pays to the purchaser a certain sum, as on a contango. This is called 'backwardisation,' or, more generally, 'backwardation,' or 'back.'

There is another kind of speculator—the *stag*. He is not a member of the Stock Exchange, but deals outside the House, and is therefore sometimes called an 'outsider.' There are many respectable stags, but the majority have but very doubtful reputations.

Buying or selling for the account, or time-bargains, as they are generally called, or, in other words, speculating for the rise or fall of the market, was carried on to such an extent during the last century, that the Houses of Parliament, at the instigation of Sir John Barnard, passed an act declaring an intention to put down the 'infamous practice of stock-jobbing' and declared all time-bargains to be legally invalid; but the act was virtually inoperative, for time-bargains became, as they are now, the principal business of the Stock Exchange. The only persons benefited by the act were the rogues who refused to pay their differences, and thus defrauded honest men. After a lapse of a century and a quarter, it was found that the act interfered so much with legitimate business that it was at length repealed (23 Vict.). Instead of actually buying or selling stocks or shares, you may bargain to have the option of doing so at a certain price within a specified period. This is called buying 'options.' In 1821, the committee of the Stock Exchange passed a resolution that any member who should deal in options should be expelled from the House; but this met with so much opposition and threats of secession, that it was at length abandoned.

If you buy stock or shares, your broker will give you a memorandum of the transaction, which is called a 'bought note'; if you have sold, a 'sold note'; and if you have both bought and sold, a 'bought and sold note.' As a rule, the brokers require from their speculative clients a deposit, so that the brokers may not be losers, in case their customers can't make up their differences. This is called on the French Bourse *couverture*.

Although judgment and calculation are essential to successful speculation on the Stock Exchange, boldness and courage are also required. It is a well-known maxim in the House to 'cut' a loss and let a profit run. Great losses are sometimes incurred by persons who, from greed, ignore this maxim. If you can realise a moderate profit, do so; don't wait for a further rise, or you will perhaps miss the chance, and have to sell out at a loss. Another maxim is, never to buy in a falling market, or sell in a rising one.

The amount of money sometimes made on the Stock Exchange is enormous. One firm made upwards of £80,000 in one year in legitimate business, and that not long since. A broker netted a profit of £40,000 in a few days, just after the battle of Waterloo. The late Lord Ashburton, when Mr Alexander Baring, realised in two years £170,000 by operations in the French rentes; and the late N. M. Rothschild, out of the profits of a single loan, bought an estate for £150,000; while, on the other hand, he lost half a million in one English operation. That celebrated capitalist used to employ brokers to depress or raise the market, and it is said that in one day he purchased stock to the extent of four millions sterling. When the members of the House learned that Rothschild was buying, they followed his example; prices rose in consequence; then Rothschild sold out, and realised an enormous profit. By the aid of pigeon and human expresses, he used to obtain the earliest information of political events abroad, and employ it to his advantage in the money-market. He had information of the battle of Waterloo some days before the news was made public. Dozens of times has the Stock Exchange been thrown into an agitated state by rumours of important political events which have turned out to be false, and the fabricator has cleared large sums. Frauds of all descriptions have from time to time been perpetrated upon the House. That of 1815, in which the gallant Cochrane was mixed up, was perhaps one of the most extraordinary.

So long as speculation is confined within proper bounds, it cannot do much harm; but he who speculates with money that he cannot afford to lose, is a fool, and the risk he undergoes is not compensated by the gains he may make, however large. The wear and tear, the amount of excitement which such a man must often experience, is sometimes so overpowering as to lead to calamitous consequences—ruin to himself, wife, and family, social degradation, and occasionally even suicide and death. Speculation is like snuff-taking or smoking—a habit which, when once acquired, it is difficult to shake off; and people who are afflicted with the mania will go on speculating as long as they have money or credit left. It is still a moot-point whether, in the long-run, an amateur speculator does ever make a real profit out of his transactions on the Stock Exchange; whether he might not just as well have invested his money in the three per cents, the 'elegant simplicity' of

which is so much appreciated by men of moderation. But, apart from the actual gain of money, there is excitement about speculation which may be reckoned as a kind of profit. The fact of holding a few shares in a joint-stock bank or a financial company will give a great deal of interest to the money-market column of one's newspaper, which to some is as dry and unreadable as a parliamentary blue-book. A few words from Earl Russell or Lord Palmerston will often make the money-market flat or buoyant according as their statements are received, and even the leading articles of the daily press have their influence over the House. A bellicose leader in the *Times* has before now sent consols down, and made things generally flat.

Inside the House, during business-hours, all is bustle, stir, and noise; a perfect babel of voices is heard, and jobbers, brokers, and clerks are rushing in, and out, and about like greaves in a tallow tub. It is a restless mob eddying to and fro; old and young, rich and poor, grave and gay, are the persons before us—a gentlemanly-looking lot of people withal, rather inclined to gaiety, white waistcoats, and practical joking. But where is the dramatist's and the novelist's stock-broker? Where is the sallow face, the eager restless eye, and despairing look of the ruined gamester, who is making his last desperate throw after fortune? If he is here, he hides his feelings under a mask, for he is nowhere to be seen in the House. It is in the porches of the temple, the gateways and lobbies, the *salle de pas perdus* of the Stock Exchange, that real individual excitement may be noticed. In eventful speculative periods, you may see dozens of persons with anxious faces waiting, perhaps, for the troubling of the waters—a turn of the market, picking up crumbs of information concerning stocks and shares. The money-market barometer is consols—they are the straws which tell which way the wind blows, but the variation is not sufficient for ambitious minds. In 1840, speculation in tea was all the rage, and the ups and downs of congou and gunpowder were looked upon with the greatest interest. Five years later, we had the railway mania, which enriched a few, and ruined thousands. Then we had the California and Australia gold-mines to dabble in. We have had quicksilver, cochineal, and indigo, life-assurance, and tallow and tulip manias; and now a days the great rage is for cotton, joint-stock banks, and financial companies.

#### SPEECH.

Be choice and frugal of thy speech alway:  
The arrow from the engine of the thoughts  
Once shot, is past recall; for Scorn is barbed,  
And will not out, but rankles in the wound;  
And Calumny doth leave a darkening spot  
On wounded fame, which, as it would infect,  
Marks its sad victim in the eyes of men,  
Till no one dare approach and know the truth.

On the 1st of July will appear the first portion of an original Romance, entitled

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To be continued weekly.

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